

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME

By Kenneth Lonergan

FINAL DRAFT

Copyright, 1999,
By Kenneth Lonergan

INT/EXT. A CAR (MOVING). NIGHT.

The shifting lights from the odd passing car play pleasantly over the faces of MR and MRS PRESCOTT, a friendly looking couple in their late 30s, dressed up for a night out. Mr Prescott drives them along a dark hilly two-lane highway.

MRS PRESCOTT

Why do they always put braces on teenage girls at the exact moment when they're the most self-conscious about their appearance?

MR PRESCOTT

I don't know.

UP AHEAD, near the top of the oncoming hill, a RED PICKUP TRUCK is poking its nose out of the short exit lane --

MRS PRESCOTT

Tom --

MR PRESCOTT

I see him...

The PICKUP LURCHES into the road, with not nearly enough time to spare.

MRS PRESCOTT

Tom!

MR PRESCOTT

Jesus!

Mr Prescott swerves OVER the DOUBLE SOLID WHITE LINE and clears the truck as --

Another pair of HEADLIGHTS from an oncoming truck RISES UP over the HILL directly in FRONT of them -

MRS PRESCOTT (Screams)

TOM -- !

Mr Prescott's FOOT STOMPS on the BRAKE. We BLACK OUT and there is the SOUND of a terrible CRASH.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PRESCOTT'S FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

The SHADOW of a big man looms up onto the front door.
A big finger RINGS the BELL.

A moment.

AMY, a 13 year old babysitter with braces opens the door and looks up. In the b.g. we see TWO CHILDREN, SAMMY (Samantha) and TERRY PRESCOTT, in their pajamas, lying on their stomachs in the living room, watching television. Sammy is ten. Terry is eight.

REVERSE: DARRYL, the SHERIFF, a portly fellow with glasses and a moustache, looks down at AMY.

SHERIFF

Hello, Amy.

AMY (Puzzled)

Hi, Darryl.

SHERIFF (Thinking)

Amy, would you please tell the kids you'll be right back, and then shut the door and come outside to talk to us for a minute?

AMY

OK. (To kids) Be right back, you guys!

SAMMY

You're not supposed to go out, Amy.

TERRY

She's going to smoke a cigarette.

AMY closes the door and looks expectantly up at Darryl. Darryl doesn't know how to start.

EXT. CHURCH. DAY.

CREDITS BEGIN OVER a blustery March day. The pleasant little white church stands out against the sharp blue sky.

INT. TOWN CHURCH. DAY.

It's a small church and a small congregation, but it's full. There's a CHOIR of mostly SENIOR CITIZENS arrayed in the back. TWO CLOSED CASKETS are laid out in front of the MINISTER, a 50ish woman with thick glasses and salt-and-pepper hair is giving a eulogy MOS.

Among the mourners in the SECOND ROW sit TERRY and SAMMY, both red-eyed, and uncomfortable in their dress-up clothes. Their Aunt Ruth, a pinch-faced woman in her forties, sits next to them.

Sammy and Terry are holding hands tightly. Terry wipes his eyes with his free hand.

With great warmth the Minister addresses her remarks to the children. Sammy is hanging on the Minister's every word; Terry is shifting his eyes and his seat as if it will kill him to sit still another minute.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STATE COUNTRYSIDE -- 14 YEARS LATER. DAY.

MONTAGE of a beautiful, hilly rural landscape. As the CREDITS END, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCOTSVILLE CEMETERY. DAY.

On the beautiful hill overlooking the beautiful windy green country. SAMMY, 28 years old now, puts flowers on her parents' grave with quick, practiced movements.

She is a pleasant-looking young woman of a neat appearance saved from primness by an elusive, pleasantly flustered quality. An unsuccessfully-neat person. She is dressed in office clothes, white blouse, dark skirt, high heels, light raincoat over everything. She picks out a couple of weeds and then bows her head and closes her eyes.

CREDITS END.

SCOTSVILLE -- MAIN STREET. DAY.

Scotsville is a small town. Main Street. Run-down old stores next to a new bank, a couple of chain stores, a few restaurants of varying ambitions. Civil War statue. WWI statue. WWII statue. Residential streets wandering away from Main Street up and down hills. You know there's a mini-mall somewhere nearby. A fair amount of activity during the daytime.

SAMMY'S CAR pulls up across the street from where an 8-year-old BOY in a 2nd-hand baseball jacket and a school knapsack is waiting at the curb. This is her son RUDY. SAMMY calls out the car window.

SAMMY

Rudy, come on! I'm really late!

Rudy hurries across the street and gets in the car, slinging his backpack into the back seat.

INT. THE CAR (MOVING). DAY

SAMMY

How was school?

RUDY

Stupid.

SAMMY

Why do you say that?

RUDY

We're supposed to write a story for English homework, but they didn't tell us what it's supposed to be about.

SAMMY

What do you mean?

RUDY

I mean they didn't tell us what it's supposed to be about. They said do whatever you want.

SAMMY

So what's wrong with that?

RUDY

Nothing. I just think it's unstructured.

SAMMY (Smiles)

Well, I'm sure you'll be able to think of something. If you can't, I'll help you.

INT/EXT. CAR/CAROL'S HOUSE. DAY.

She stops the car outside a heavily THICKETED DRIVEWAY (CAROL'S HOUSE) and RUDY gets out.

SAMMY

Don't forget your backpack.

Rudy returns to take his backpack out of the back.

RUDY

It's not a backpack, it's a knapsack.

SAMMY

Don't forget your knapsack.

Rudy hoists his knapsack out of the back.

SAMMY

Give me a kiss.

Rudy gives her a kiss and puts his arms around her and squeezes her neck.

He withdraws, slams the door. As Sammy DRIVES AWAY, he slogs up the long twisting driveway.

EXT. MERCHANT NATIONAL TRUST - PARKING LOT. DAY.

Sammy gets out of her car, which is parked in one of the half-dozen spaces in the little parking lot allocated for bank employees.

She hurries toward the employees' entrance, fixing her skirt as she goes.

INT. MERCHANT NATIONAL TRUST. DAY.

Sammy hurries down the clean hallway in the back past MABEL, a pleasant-faced fellow-employee.

MABEL

Guess who's been asking for you?

SAMMY

Oh no, really?

Mabel nods and passes by.

SAMMY KNOCKS on a big door that says "MANAGER," and has half the letters of the previous Branch Manager's name taken off it.

BRIAN (Inside)

Yeah, come in!

Sammy swings open the door. BRIAN EVERETT, the new Branch Manager, is unpacking a box. Sammy is surprised to see he is in his early 30s and very good looking in a boyish sort of way; he wears shirtsleeves & tie, and a wedding ring.

SAMMY

Mr Everett?

BRIAN

Yeah: Brian.

SAMMY

Brian. Hi. I'm Samantha Prescott -- I'm the Lending Officer?

BRIAN

Yeah, hi, how are you? Come on in. Sit down.

Sammy comes into the office and sits.

SAMMY

I am so sorry I was late...

BRIAN

Yeah, we missed you before...

SAMMY

I got held up. Believe me, it is not something I make a habit of...

BRIAN

I'm sure it's not. Actually -- could you just, could you close that door for me? Thanks.

Sammy gets up and closes the door.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE -- LATER.

Sammy sits in front of Brian's desk. Brian is behind the desk listening.

SAMMY

-- so I always just run out at 3:15 to pick him up and then run him real quick over to the sitter's house. Anyway, Larry never minded about it and I was just hoping it would be OK with you too...

BRIAN

Well -- Samantha -- I realize that Scotsville is not exactly a major banking center...

SAMMY

No it's not...

BRIAN

No -- I know it's not...But it's kind of a personal challenge to me to see what we can do to bring local service up to the same kinds of standards we be trying to meet if we were the biggest branch in the state. And that means I don't want anybody running out at 3:15 or 3:30, or whenever the bus happens to come in that day. Now is there anybody else who can pick your son up after school? Does your husband work in the area? Do you --

SAMMY

Oh -- No -- Rudy Sr. isn't "on the scene." So to speak.

BRIAN

Well, I can give you a couple of days to make some other arrangement, but...

SAMMY

Well -- Brian? I understand what you're saying, and I think it's great. I do. Because there's a lot of things around here that could use some attention. Believe me. But I've honestly been meeting that bus every day for four years now and it really does take just fifteen minutes, and if I take the time out of my lunch hour...

BRIAN

I'd really prefer it if you would make some other arrangement. OK?

SAMMY (Brightly)

I'll do my best...!

Brian kicks back in his chair and puts his hands behind his head.

BRIAN

How old's your son?

SAMMY

He's eight.

BRIAN

That's a terrific age.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). DUSK.

Sammy and Rudy drive home in silence. It's a pleasant sleepy silence. The orange sunlight flickers through the trees and onto their faces as they drive along.

EXT. PRESCOTT (SAMMY'S) HOUSE. DUSK.

The same house that Sammy grew up in, with fourteen years' more wear on it.

Sammy's car swings expertly by the mailbox and Rudy reaches half his body out of the passenger window and gets the mail.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. DUSK.

Sammy comes into the house carrying two bags of groceries. Rudy follows, looking through the mail. She passes through the house and goes into the kitchen.

RUDY

You got a letter from Uncle Terry.

SAMMY

What?!

Her whole face lights up and she grabs the letter. She tears it open and reads it with growing excitement.

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM -- LATER.

Sammy opens her FILE DRAWER. Inside are tax files, household files, miscellaneous files.

She puts Terry's letter away in a very full file marked "**TERRY -- CORRESPONDENCE.**" The folder is stuffed with other letters, on all different kinds of stationery from all over the country, all from Terry.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy and Rudy are eating dinner. It's a biggish house for just two people.

RUDY

Whose room is he gonna stay in?

SAMMY

He can stay in the little room. (Pause)
But you know what? He's not coming to
live with us, he's just coming for a
visit. He probably won't stay very long
...And it's OK if you don't remember
him, because you were only six the last
time he was here...But it'll be nice if
you got a chance to get to know each
other a little bit. Don't you think?

Rudy looks worried and doesn't answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATER.

Rudy is on the floor, writing in his school composition
notebook. Sammy comes downstairs.

SAMMY

Rudy? Would it distract you if I put on
some music?

RUDY

No.

She puts on a CD, sits down and picks up a book. She
looks at Rudy who is writing away.

SAMMY

Did you think of a story?

RUDY

Uh huh.

SAMMY

What's it about?

RUDY

My father.

A moment.

SAMMY

What about your father?

RUDY

It's just a made-up story about him.

SAMMY

Can I read it when you're done?

RUDY
It's not very good.

SAMMY
Don't say that.

Rudy keeps writing.

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER.

Sammy is smoking a cigarette and drinking a glass of wine and reading Rudy's story. It upsets her.

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM -- LATER.

Sammy sits on the edge of her bed, not dialing the phone. She catches a glimpse of herself in her parents' floor-length mirror with the worn heavy wooden frame. Against her better judgement she picks up the phone and dials.

INT. DAWSON'S GRILL. NIGHT.

Sammy and BOB STEEGERSON are eating dinner at Dawson's, the only fancy restaurant in town. Bob is mid-30s realtor, a decent, ordinary guy.

SAMMY
Anyway, Bob, it's sort of this adventure story, and Rudy's father is this secret agent or something, working for the government...And it just made me feel weird. You know? Because I never really say much to him about Rudy Sr., because I don't know what to say. And I don't know whether I should just let him imagine whatever he wants to imagine, or whether I should sit him down sometime and tell him, you know, that his father is not such a nice person. You know?

BOB
Well...I don't know, Sammy. What have you told him already?

SAMMY
Not much. He knows I don't have the highest opinion of him. And he knows I don't want to see him or know anything about him...but I tried to keep it kind of neutral...Anyway...I could go into a lot more detail, believe me.

BOB

Well...It's an interesting problem. But I don't really know what to tell you... It's a little outside my personal field of expertise...

SAMMY

All right.

BOB

I'd be glad to give it some thought...

SAMMY

OK.

He is smiling at her.

SAMMY

What?

BOB

Nothing...I'm just glad to see you...I'm glad you called me.

SAMMY

I bet you were surprised...!

BOB

Um -- A little.

Bob drains his wine glass. Sammy cuts at her steak.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy and Bob lie in Bob's bed, a few minutes after having made love. They are very far away from each other, but trying not to let on.

SAMMY

I should get going...

BOB

Really?

SAMMY

Yeah...I've got the babysitter... But...Thanks for a lovely evening.

BOB

Oh. Thank you.

She kisses him. She tries to make it sexy, but he's not into it any more and he politely restricts the kissing.

INT. SAMMY'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy stands in her slip brushing her teeth in front of the mirror. She brushes vigorously, looking at herself while she brushes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER -- WORCESTER, MASS. DAWN.

The corner window of a grim little apartment building on a very grim street in a grim little city.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT -- WORCESTER, MASS. NIGHT.

A tiny apartment with a bed, chair, table, fridge, and not much else. One window has a broken pane and an old sheet neatly thumb-tacked over it to keep the wind out.

TERRY PRESCOTT is by the door. He is twenty-three years old: A real mess, with a certain natural appeal. He wears old jeans, very old hiking boots, and a flannel shirt. His hair is longish and dirty. He sloughs into a lumberjack-style coat and puts a blue wool hat on his head.

SHEILA SADLER is sitting at the table by the fridge, watching him. She is barely eighteen, frail and damaged.

Terry looks at her and smiles encouragingly. She smiles back.

SHEILA

Where'd you get the hat?

TERRY

Oh, I got it on the street for a dollar.

SHEILA

It's nice.

TERRY

Well, you know, it's pretty much your standard woolen hat.

SHEILA

Yeah, I had a very similar reaction to it.

Sheila looks away. Silence.

TERRY

Can I get that money from you?

SHEILA

Yeah. Sorry.

As she opens her purse, Terry takes a few vague steps toward her.

She takes out a tiny hippie-ish woven wallet and gives Terry all the money in it: A twenty and two ones.

TERRY

Can you borrow some cash from your brother?

SHEILA

Um, yeah, but that would involve speaking to him.

TERRY

Well, I'm definitely gonna be gone for a couple of days at least, Sheila.

SHEILA

Why do you have to stay so long?

TERRY

Because my sister is not a bank, you know? I can't just show up and ask her for --

SHEILA

You seem to think my brother's a bank!

TERRY

Oh Sheila can we just cut out the puerile crap?! I'll be back just as soon as I can. OK? I am not the kind of man that everyone says I am.

SHEILA

I know you're not.

TERRY

I'll call you tonight.

(Pause)

SHEILA

Don't you wanna tell me you love me?

TERRY

I love you.

SHEILA

That was really convincing.

TERRY

Well...I think after this is over you should seriously consider moving back home.

SHEILA (Short laugh)

Oh, yeah.

TERRY (Gives up)

All right...

SHEILA

You gonna call tonight?

TERRY

Definitely.

She puts her arms around him and holds on.

EXT. NY STATE -- MOUNTAINS -- HIGHWAY. DAY.

Wide open shot of hilly country and a big sky overhead. A GREYHOUND BUS drives into the shot along the curve of the highway.

INT. BUS (MOVING) -- BATHROOM. DAY.

Terry is seated on the toilet seat in the cramped bathroom smoking a joint. He takes a huge hit and holds it in for as long as humanly possible. He blows out what's left, takes another equally huge hit and holds it in.

EXT. LOCAL HIGHWAY. DAY.

The BUS WHOOSHES along a smaller, heavily wooded rollercoaster road.

INT. BUS (MOVING). DAY.

Terry looks out the window at the passing scenery. The sunlight flickers on his face.

POV TERRY: THE "WELCOME TO SCOTSVILLE" SIGN whizzes by. Houses start dotting the side of the road.

Terry shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY.

Terry stands at one end of Main Street, gym bag in hand, as the BUS DRIVES OFF. He looks around at the town going about its Saturday afternoon business.

INT. KITCHEN -- SIMULTANEOUS.

Loud country western music is blaring as Sammy, wearing an apron, sets a big vase of flowers on the kitchen table and hurries to the oven. There's also cookies, a pie, evidence of massive fancy cooking. She puts on her oven mitts and takes a lasagna out of the oven, as the phone rings. She picks up.

SAMMY (Into phone)

Hello? ... TERRY!! ...

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Sammy practically bursts out the front door. She has changed into nice clothes.

EXT. ALLEY. DAY.

Terry secrets himself in a small dark alley. He takes out his carefully wrapped half-joint and lights it. SMOKING, he looks at the sunlit slant of street beyond the alley.

EXT. MAIN STREET. A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

Terry, fairly well stoned, walks along Main Street. A skinny man emerges from his hardware store to greet Terry, shake hands. Terry says hi but keeps walking as he does. He passes some other people.

He almost runs right into SHERIFF DARRYL, fifteen years fatter and grayer.

SHERIFF

Whoa there!

TERRY

Sorry.

The Sheriff recognizes Terry and breaks into a big smile.

SHERIFF

God damn! Terry Prescott! How you doin'?
Gimme a cuddle!

The Sheriff gives Terry a big bear hug. Terry is wasted and self-conscious, but smiling. He pats the Sheriff's back.

TERRY
How you doin', Darryl?

SHERIFF
Which way you headed?

TERRY
I'm just goin' to see Sammy at Dawson's...

SHERIFF
Can I walk with you a little?

TERRY
Sure, yeah --

EXT. MAIN STREET -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

The Sheriff walks along with Terry. Terry, very self-conscious about smelling like pot, fumbles to light a cigarette. The Sheriff does not seem to notice.

SHERIFF
Sammy says she's gettin' postcards from all across the country.

TERRY
Yeah, I've been all over the place...

SHERIFF
Pretty cool...

They stop outside Dawson's.

SHERIFF
Well -- it's good to have you back here, I'll tell you that.

TERRY
Thanks, Darryl.

SHERIFF
Good to see you.

TERRY
Keep enforcing the peace.

SHERIFF

That'll be a little harder now that's
you're home, but I'll do what I can.

TERRY

No, man, I'm reformed.

SHERIFF

Oh, yeah. Good to see you, kid.

TERRY

Thanks, Darryl.

Darryl walks away. Terry stands outside the restaurant
looking for Sammy.

Behind him in the restaurant Sammy is sitting at a table,
talking to the Waitress.

She sees Terry and gets up immediately, smiling like
crazy as she threads her way through the tables toward
the door.

Terry breaks into a big smile, tosses his cigarette and
goes into the restaurant.

She throws her arms around him and tears leak out of her
eyes at once.

He hugs her back with a very big involuntary smile as the
GLASS DOOR slowly CLOSES.

INT. DAWSON'S -- AT THEIR TABLE. A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

Terry is studying the menu, over-intently. Sammy is
beaming at him.

TERRY

Sorry about yesterday --

SAMMY

I don't care --

TERRY

I was studying the bus description...
And I just...I got on the wrong bus -- I
mean I missed my stop --

SAMMY

I don't care, Terry. I'm just so glad to
see you...!

TERRY

I'm glad to see you too, Sammy. Um...Are you coming from work?

SAMMY

Um, no, it's Saturday...

TERRY

Yeah, no, it's just...You're dressed so formally...

SAMMY

Oh. No. You know, I just thought I'd -- You know I thought it was a special occasion...Which it is...

TERRY

No, it's good. I thought I'd dress up too.

He gestures to his shitty clothes.

SAMMY

That's OK. You look fine.

TERRY (A strange unsuccessful
joke)

Yeah, this is the haute cuisine of garments.

SAMMY

What?

TERRY

Nothing, nothing...Um...So how are you?

SAMMY

I'm fine.

TERRY

How's Rudy?

SAMMY

We're fine, Terry. How are you? (Pause)
I mean --

TERRY

Yeah...

SAMMY

-- Where have you been lately, Terry?

TERRY

-- I know, I haven't been --

SAMMY

I got a postcard from you from Alaska...?

TERRY

Yeah, I was up there for a while...

SAMMY

But that was in the Fall, Terry...

TERRY

Yeah, I know I've been out of touch...

SAMMY

I was a little worried. (Pause) I mean --

TERRY

Oh, I been a lotta different places ...
Um...I went down to Florida for a while
...I was doing some work in Orlando
...I've been all over the place.

SAMMY

Well...I just wish you would have let me
know you were OK...

TERRY

Yeah. I didn't realize it'd been so
long...

SAMMY (Beaming again)

Are you gonna stay in town for a while?

TERRY

Well, I don't know...I got all these
things I gotta do back in Worcester...

SAMMY

Oh...

TERRY

...Yeah, so I'm probably not gonna be
able to stay more than a day or so...

SAMMY (Very disappointed)

Oh...Well...That's all right.

TERRY

...I'm kind of trying to keep to a schedule of sorts. It's a long and worthy story but I won't trouble you with it right now.

He twists around and looks all over the restaurant.

SAMMY

Are you expecting someone?

TERRY

Who would I be expecting here?

SAMMY

You just keep looking around, that's all.

TERRY

No, I was just wondering if we could get some more refreshments, actually.

He laughs. Looks down. Then looks at Sammy.

TERRY

I've actually got to confess to you, Sammy, that the reason you may not have heard from me for a little while is that I've been kind of unable to write, on account of the fact that I was in jail for a little while.

SAMMY

You were what?

A couple of people in the restaurant look at them. Terry notices but Sammy does not.

TERRY

Well, I did a little time, I guess, in Florida. For, uh, just for bullshit...

SAMMY

What?!

TERRY

It was just bullshit...

SAMMY

What did you do?

TERRY

I didn't do anything. Does it occur to you that maybe I was wronged?

SAMMY

No!

TERRY

Well, could I please --

SAMMY

Oh my God! --

TERRY

Would you please let me --

SAMMY

-- What happened?!

TERRY

I got into a fight in a bar down in Florida. Which I was not the one who instigated it, at all. But they worked up all this bullshit against me and they threw me in the pen for three months. I didn't write you because I didn't want you to get all upset about it, I just figured you'd figure I was on the road for a little while. I know it was stupid and I'm sorry. I really didn't make to make you worry. But you know what? I can't run around all the time doin' stuff or not doin' stuff because it's gonna make you worry! Because then I come back here, and I tell you about my fuckin'...traumas, and I get this wounded little "I've Let You Down" bullshit, over and over again, and it really just -- cramps me! Like I just want to get out from under it!...And here I am back in this fuckin' hole explaining myself to you again!

SAMMY

OK -- Can you please stop cursing at me?

TERRY

I mean, I realize I'm in no position to, uh, to basically say anything, ever -- But it's not like I'm down there in some redneck bar in Florida having an argument with some stripper's boyfriend and I suddenly think, "Hey! Maybe this'd be a good time to really stick it to Sammy and get myself locked up for a few months."

SAMMY

I'm sorry.

TERRY

Me too, man. I mean "welcome home."

SAMMY

Hey -- You don't write me for six months, I have no idea where you are --

TERRY

I'm sorry --

SAMMY

-- I don't know if you're alive or dead --

TERRY

I'm sorry --

SAMMY

-- and then you show up out of nowhere and tell me you were in jail?

TERRY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Sammy, I'm really sorry...!

The patrons are all either looking at them or trying not to look. Silence.

TERRY

Sammy...

SAMMY

What.

TERRY

Um...I'm in the midst of a slight predicament...

SAMMY

What do you need? Money?

TERRY

Um...Yeah...I'm broke. I gotta get back to Worcester tomorrow. I got this girl there, and she's kind of in a bad situation..? I just need to borrow some money. Whatever you can spare. (Pause) I'll pay you back...I'll pay you back, man.

SAMMY

I really wish Mom were here.

TERRY

So do I, man.

SAMMY

Nobody knows what to do with you.

TERRY

I know how they feel, man.

Silence, except for the sounds of the restaurant.

SAMMY

Terry? Can I ask you something?

TERRY

Sure.

SAMMY (With some difficulty)

Well -- I mean, do you ever go to church anymore?

TERRY

Come on, Sammy, can we not talk about that shit?

SAMMY

Do you?

TERRY

Um -- No, Sammy. I don't.

SAMMY

Can you tell me why not?

TERRY

Um, yeah. Because I think it's ridiculous.

SAMMY
Well -- can you tell me
without like, denigrating
what I believe in?

TERRY
Because I think it's
primitive, OK? I think.
it's a fairy tale.

SAMMY
Well -- I mean, have you ever considered
that maybe that's part of what's making
things so difficult for you?

TERRY
No.

SAMMY
-- That you've lost hold of -- Well, not
just your religious feeling, but lost
hold of any kind of anchor, any kind of
trust in anything...I mean no wonder you
drift around so much. What could ever stop
you? How would you ever know if you had
found the right thing?

TERRY
Well, uh, I'm not really looking for
anything, man. I'm just, like, trying to
get on with it.

The WAITRESS approaches with their salads.

WAITRESS
Here we go...

She sets them down on the table.

SAMMY & TERRY
Thank you.

The WAITRESS leaves. Silence. Terry picks at his salad.
Sammy doesn't touch hers. She watches him miserably.

EXT. BANK -- ATM . DAY

Terry watches while Sammy inserts her card in the ATM and
punches in her code. Terry waits. She punches in \$300.
The machine grinds out her cash. She gives him the money.

TERRY
Thank you, Sammy...I'm really gonna pay
this back.

She takes her card back and puts it back in her wallet.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR. DAY.

Sammy and Terry get in the car. Sammy isn't saying anything.

TERRY

Where we going?

SAMMY

To pick up Rudy.

She puts on her glasses, her seatbelt. She won't look at him.

TERRY

Well...do you not even want me to visit now? 'Cause I can catch the bus at five o'clock if that's what you want.

SAMMY (Cracking)

Well, of course I want you to visit, you idiot! I've been looking forward to seeing you more than anything! I've been telling everyone I know that you were coming home! I cleaned the whole fucking house so it would look nice for you! I thought you were gonna stay for at least a few days! It didn't occur to me that you were just broke again. I wish you would have just sent me an invoice!

She stops, crying. Terry is now totally contrite.

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Terry sits in the tub. Water drips from the faucet. He is staring blankly up at the blue & white tiled wall and the neatly folded matching towels.

INT. LIVING ROOM. LATER.

Sammy and Rudy are in the living room. Rudy is watching TV. In the b.g., TERRY is dialing the PHONE. He looks clean and shaved, his hair is neatly combed.

TERRY (Into phone)

Hi, is that Malcolm? ... Hi, this is Terry Prescott? ... I been trying to get ahold of Sheila and there's no answer, and I was just wondering if she -- ... She what? ...

The TV noise obscures most of what Terry is saying. Terry sits down by the phone.

TERRY (Into phone)
When? ... Well -- Is she all right? ...
... Well could I talk to her? ... Well,
could you give her a message that I --

CLICK. He is hung up on. He slowly HANGS UP.

Sammy notices that something's wrong. He looks at her from across the room.

TERRY
That girl I'm with tried to kill herself.

SAMMY
What?

TERRY
She tried to kill herself.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Terry is sitting on the bed, addressing an envelope to SHEILA. He puts the \$300 in the ENVELOPE and seals it. He sees Sammy standing in the doorway. He starts to unlace his boots.

SAMMY
Do you have everything you need?

TERRY
I think so.

Sammy comes into the room and sits next to him. He is very busy with his laces.

SAMMY
What are you going to do?

TERRY
I don't know. Send the money I guess.

SAMMY
Maybe you should stay home for a little while, Terry.

TERRY
Yeah, maybe that's be a good idea.

He starts crying. Sammy pats him.

EXT. SCOTSVILLE CHURCH. DAY.

A bright clear blue-skied Sunday morning in Scotsville. Inside the little white church they're singing.

EXT. CHURCH. DAY.

People are filing out of the church. We also see a couple of the bank employees, including BRIAN and his very blonde, very pretty, six months' PREGNANT wife NANCY. We find SAMMY and RUDY. Sammy is chatting to some neighbors. Rudy is bored out of his mind, waiting for her.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Terry is lying on the sofa, smoking with his feet up and boots on, watching Sunday morning TV. On the coffee table are his dirty ashtray, dirty bowl & spoon, Rice Krispies box, and a milk carton.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Crickets buzz loudly outside the house.

INT. STAIRS. NIGHT.

Sammy, in her bathrobe, comes down the stairs into the living room. Terry is on the sofa watching TV. He barely looks up when she speaks to him.

SAMMY

I'm going to bed. Do you have everything you need?

TERRY

Yeah. Thanks.

SAMMY

Good night.

TERRY

Good night.

(Pause)

SAMMY

Terry, I'm really glad you're home.

Terry tries to smile at her.

TERRY

Yeah, me too, Sammy.

He goes back to his game. She hesitates, then heads back up the stairs.

INT. SAMMY'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Sammy, Terry and Rudy sit at the kitchen table. Sammy is dressed for work. Rudy is dressed for school. Terry is also fully dressed, drinking the last dregs of a mug of coffee. He is tired, but listening to Sammy very carefully as if receiving difficult and critical instructions.

SAMMY

OK. So we'll drop Rudy off at the bus, then all you have to do is drop me off at the bank, and just pick Rudy up at 3:30 in front of town hall, and drive him over to Carol's house. And that's it. She's on Harvey Lane, right past where the Dorcases used to live.

TERRY

OK.

SAMMY

Rudy knows where she lives.

Terry glances at Rudy, then back at Sammy.

TERRY

OK.

INT. BANK -- MABEL'S DESK. DAY.

Sammy walks past MABEL'S DESK, carrying a big stack of files.. She drops three of them on the desk. MABEL is typing away at her PC. The colors are a garish PURPLE background with GREEN letters.

SAMMY

God, Mabel, don't those colors hurt your eyes?

MABEL

Oh no, they keep me fresh.

Sammy proceeds down the hall and into --

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

Brian is at his desk busy working between stacks of papers. She knocks on the open door.

BRIAN

Yeah! (Looks up) Hi, Sammy. What can I do for you?

SAMMY

Um, Brian? Did you want us to turn this time sheet in at the end of the day, or do you want it at the end of the week...?

BRIAN

Oh, yeah, end of the day'll be fine.

SAMMY

Seems like an awful lot of extra paperwork...

Brian hesitates, shrugs and smiles.

BRIAN

I like paperwork.

Sammy looks at him with a blank smile.

INT. BANK. SAMMY'S DESK -- A MOMENT LATER.

Sammy sits down at her desk and notices the time: 3:30. She reaches for the phone, then decides not to call.

EXT. SCOTSVILLE -- MAIN STREET. DAY.

The CLOCK on the front of the TOWN HALL reads 3:31.

The SCHOOL BUS pulls up across from the Town Hall and disgorges a handful of kids. Rudy comes out with his backpack, looking around...

POV RUDY: Terry, across the street, sits on the hood of Sammy's car, smoking.

Rudy walks over to him.

RUDY

You showed up.

TERRY

Looks that way.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). DAY.

Terry and Rudy drive in silence. Terry glances at Rudy.

TERRY
Put on your seat belt.

RUDY
It pushes on my neck.

TERRY
What?

RUDY
It pushes on my neck. It's uncomfortable.

TERRY
Well, when somebody slams into us and you go sailin' through the windshield that's liable to be uncomfortable too. So put on your fucking seat belt.

Rudy puts on his seatbelt.

RUDY
Mom's parents died in a car accident.

TERRY
I know. They're my parents too.

RUDY
They are?

TERRY
Well, yeah. Your Mom is my sister.

RUDY
Yeah, I know.

TERRY
So that means we have the same parents.

RUDY
Oh yeah.

They drive in silence for a moment. Terry glances down at Rudy.

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK. DAY.

Sammy, laden with files, sits down at her desk as Mabel is passing by. Mabel puts a phone message down in front of her.

MABEL

Um -- Carol just called. She said Terry and Rudy never showed up at her house?

SAMMY

You've got to be kidding me.

A MOMENT LATER -- Brian, talking to an employee, sees Sammy, across the bank, hurrying out the employees' exit.

BRIAN

Hey, Sammy?

Sammy doesn't hear and exits.

EXT. ORRIN'S BACK YARD. DAY.

Terry and Rudy are banging nails with RAY, a young guy Terry's age. Terry, hammering with swift, accurate blows, glances up and watches Rudy for a second. Rudy is hammering away with no great skill.

TERRY

Hey. Look.

He moves Rudy's hand down toward the end of the handle.

TERRY

You hold it further down, you're gonna get a lot more power. You should be able to put that nail down with two or three hits. Look:

He changes his grip and with two swift strokes drives the nail flush into the wood.

TERRY

Try it.

RUDY

That's not the way I hold it.

TERRY

Well, the way you hold it is wrong.

RUDY

Why can't I just do it my own way?

Terry looks at him unsympathetically for a moment.

TERRY (Shrugs)

You can.

He goes back to work. Rudy resumes hammering. After a moment Rudy switches his grip and starts hammering Terry's way.

EXT. IN FRONT OF ORRIN'S HOUSE -- A MOMENT LATER.

Sammy pulls up, fast, and gets out of the car. Hearing the hammering from the back yard she walks quickly around the side of the house and stops short when she sees Rudy hammering happily away with Terry and Ray.

She watches them hammering, unobserved, with mixed relief and annoyance, and finally with quiet pleasure, because it's a very cheerful sight.

INT. BANK. DAY.

Half the staff has gone home. Sammy, in her coat, picks a NOTE up off her CHAIR. It reads:

"SAMMY, PLEASE SEE ME A.S.A.P!!! -- BRIAN"

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE. A MOMENT LATER.

Sammy stands in front of Brian's desk.

SAMMY

Brian? Did you want to see me?

BRIAN

Yeah. I was kind of wondering what happened to you today.

SAMMY

Oh -- Didn't Mabel -- I had a false alarm about my son...

BRIAN

Yeah, I kind of thought you were gonna work that out.

SAMMY
Well, I did work it
out -- more or less --

BRIAN
Then why're you running
outta here in the middle of
the day without a word of
explanation to me, Sammy?

SAMMY
Brian, don't yell at me.

BRIAN
I'm -- I'm not yelling. I'm just gettin'
a little frustrated here.

SAMMY
Well Brian:

BRIAN
Sorry, could you close the door please?

Sammy closes the door.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy, Terry and Rudy sit at dinner. The atmosphere is
lively and cheerful.

SAMMY
...And Eddy Dwyer lives in Buffalo, with
his wife and two sons, if you can
believe it.

RUDY
Who are you talking about?

TERRY
Wild kids we used to know.

RUDY
Were you a wild kid?

TERRY
Not compared to your Mom.

RUDY
Yeah, right.

TERRY
You don't believe me?

RUDY
No.

TERRY

Ask her.

RUDY

Mom, were you?

SAMMY

No comment.

Rudy is amazed. Terry looks at him like, "Told you so."

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy is asleep in bed.

INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Rudy is asleep in bed.

INT. BAR. NIGHT.

Terry sits at the bar, drinking beer. There are a few locals in the place but it's pretty dead. He looks around; his energy is too restless for the near empty bar.

INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The DOOR OPENS, and TERRY COMES IN, smoking a cigarette. He's still plastered. He looks around the room. Looks at Rudy's toys. Picks up some superhero comics and sits on Rudy's bed. Then he spies Rudy's COMPOSITION BOOK, picks it up and opens it. He starts reading it.

RUDY (O.C.)

What are you doing?

Terry looks up. Rudy is half-sitting up in bed.

TERRY

Oh -- Just readin' some of your compositions.

RUDY

Why are you smoking?

TERRY

Um...Because it's bad. Don't ever do it.

RUDY

I won't.

TERRY

You know this used to be my room?

RUDY

Yeah... (Pause) Do you want it back?

TERRY

No.

Rudy is very relieved. Terry keeps reading. Rudy watches him.

RUDY

Did you fight in Vietnam?

TERRY

No. I wasn't even born yet.

RUDY

Were you ever in the army?

TERRY

No.

RUDY

My father was in the army.

TERRY

I know. Unfortunately he didn't fight in Vietnam either.

RUDY

Were you friends with him?

TERRY

Not really. We had some friends in common, I guess... I didn't like him very much.

RUDY

Why not?

TERRY

Well, he wasn't very likable.

RUDY

Why do you say that?

TERRY

I don't know. He was always -- He always had to be better than you at everything. You know. Like if you were all playing basketball or something, everybody's havin' like a friendly game and he's like ready to kill somebody if his team didn't win. Or like if you told like a joke or a story, he always had to tell a better one? Kinda gets annoying after a while. Plus it was pretty scummy how he split on your Mom and you...He was a prick. Probably still a prick. Fortunately for you though, your Mom is like, the greatest. So you had some bad luck and you had some good luck. (Pause) You mind if I ask you a personal question?

RUDY

I don't know.

TERRY

Do you like it here? I mean, in Scotsville?

RUDY

Yeah...?

TERRY

Why?

RUDY

I don't know. My friends are here...I like the scenery...I don't know.

TERRY

I know, I know, but it's so...There's nothing to do here.

RUDY

Yes there is.

TERRY

No there's isn't, man! It's narrow. It's dull. It's a dull, narrow town full of dull, narrow people who don't know anything except...what things are like right around here. They have no perspective whatsoever. No scope. They might as well be living in the nineteenth century because they have no idea what's going on, and if you try to tell 'em that, they wanna fuckin' kill you.

RUDY

What are you talking about?

TERRY

I don't know...

Terry lies on his back and smokes.

TERRY

You're a good kid.

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK. MORNING.

There's a NOTE on Sammy's chair.

"SAMMY, PLEASE SEE ME -- BRIAN."

Sammy, just arrived at work and still in her coat, looks down at the note.

INT. BANK -- BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

Sammy listens to Brian.

BRIAN

Yeah. This doesn't apply to you directly, Sammy, but I've noticed that some of the employees have their PC monitors set with all kinds of crazy colors...Purple and polka dots or what have you. And it's not a big deal, but really, this is a bank. You know? It's not really appropriate. So I'm just asking that people stick to a more quote unquote normal range of colors in future...

Sammy looks at him blankly.

BRIAN

Like I say, it doesn't really apply to you.

SAMMY

No, my computer palette's pretty conservative.

INT. BANK -- MABEL'S DESK. DAY

Mabel is typing angrily at a GRAY SCREEN with BLACK LETTERS. Sammy walks by. Mabel is so mad she doesn't even look up.

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK.

Sammy sits agitated for a moment. She makes a decision, picks up the phone and dials.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE -- SIMULTANEOUS.

Bob is in his little realty office with two CLIENTS, a husband & wife. He picks up his RINGING PHONE.

BOB (Into phone)

Bob Steegeron.

SAMMY (On phone)

What are you wearing?

BOB (Into phone)

Mom?

Sammy LAUGHS.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL. NIGHT.

Terry is holding a broom looking up at the ceiling. Sammy passes by and stops.

SAMMY

What's up?

Terry taps the broom handle against the ceiling.

TERRY

Do you know you have an enormous leak from the upstairs hall?

He pokes again. A portion of the ceiling collapses on his head in wet chunks of plaster and muck.

SAMMY

Um, yeah, thanks, I did.

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy, in front of the mirror, finishes dolling herself up for her date. O.C. we hear loud banging. Sammy puts on her earrings and goes into --

INT. HALL -- CONTINUOUS.

SAMMY

Are you guys sure you're gonna be OK?

TERRY

Yes. Yes.

Sammy approaches RUDY AND TERRY. They are bent over a big nasty trench in the floorboard. There are wood shavings and greasy pipe segments all over, and black smeary smudges on the walls nearby.

SAMMY

What is happening here?

TERRY

It's just -- the problem is that the pipe is corroded all the way along the length of the hall. So every time I put in a new piece it starts leaking further down.

SAMMY

Why don't I just call the plumber?

TERRY

Why? He's not gonna do anything different than what I'm doing.

RUDY (Happily)

Yeah. We're making it worse!

TERRY

No we're not. Shut up.

Terry yanks the wrench and a SPRAY of FILTHY WATER comes out of the pipe and splatters the wallpaper and pictures and Sammy with gritty gray water.

SAMMY

Thank you.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Bob and Sammy -- cleaned up and wearing a different outfit -- are bustling out the front door. Terry stands by.

SAMMY

Now, call if there's any problem, and if I'm not there, I'm either on my way or on my way back home.

TERRY

OK.

Sammy gets into her coat. Bob opens the front door.

SAMMY (To TERRY)

So lights out at ten...and don't spend the whole night watching TV.

TERRY

Nice to meet you.

BOB

You too.

TERRY (To SAMMY)

What's your idea of the whole night?

SAMMY

Two hours tops.

Bob holds the door for Sammy and smiles at her. She goes out. The atmosphere between them is slightly tense.

SAMMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Terry and Rudy are watching TV from the sofa.

TERRY

What's your feeling about Bob?

RUDY

I don't really know him that well.

Terry looks at his watch.

TERRY

I have bad news for you.

He picks up the REMOTE...

RUDY

NO...!

...and TURNS OFF THE TV. They sit there in the sudden silence.

RUDY

Great. What are we supposed to do now?

TERRY

Do you know how to play pool?

RUDY

I've played it.

EXT. "THE MANGY MOOSE." NIGHT.

"The Mangy Moose" is a noisy roadside bar sitting on the side of the highway and under the stars. Terry and Rudy get out of the car. Rudy looks apprehensive.

RUDY

I don't think they let kids in there.

TERRY

Well, we're not allowed to watch any more TV, so it's this or nothing...But if we run into any trouble, let me do the talking.

RUDY

OK.

Terry swings the door open.

INT. "THE MANGY MOOSE." NIGHT.

POV RUDY: A lot of men and women at the bar or in booths, eating and drinking. Smoky, crowded and loud. As he follows Terry through the crowd various patrons notice him -- Some of the looks are friendly, some blank, some cold, i.e., what's a kid doing in here?

AT THE POOL TABLE -- Terry and Rudy stand side by side facing the players and waiting players gathered around the table. Terry waves a few bills.

TERRY

I got a hundred bucks here says me and my nephew can beat anybody in here. Only we gotta get the next game 'cause he's gotta be in bed by ten o'clock.

A MOMENT LATER -- RUDY, very nervous, and the 1st Pool Player are side by side shooting for break. Terry is behind Rudy coaching him.

TERRY

Just hit it nice and soft...Nice and soft.

They hit the balls -- Rudy just clips the ball and it doesn't go anywhere. 1st Pool Player's ball hits the opposite bank and comes almost all the way back.

RUDY

Sorry.

TERRY

God damn, Rudy. I thought you said you could play.

Rudy doesn't answer. Terry winks at him.

A MOMENT LATER -- 1ST POOL PLAYER BREAKS -- WHACK! -- THE BALLS SCATTER. Nothing drops. TERRY steps up to the table, chalking up his cue.

TERRY

Boys, it's all over but the cryin'.

QUICK CUTS: Of Terry running the table and everyone watching. 3-Ball in the side. 1-Ball in the corner. 9-Ball off three cushions and into the corner, and the 11-Ball into the side.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Bob and Sammy sit at Bob's dining room table. The little bachelor apartment looks pretty good. Tablecloth, candles, wine, everything. Bob has just dropped a huge bombshell.

SAMMY

Bob...Are you serious?

BOB

Yeah.

SAMMY

I...I don't know what to say. I --

BOB

I mean, I know I haven't exactly been the most...decisive...guy. In the past ... (Beat) I don't know: I'm tired of foolin' around. And I love you.

SAMMY

I...I'm totally...I don't know what to say.

BOB

Well, you could always say "Yes."
(Pause) Or you could think about it first.

SAMMY

That's it: I want to think about it.

BOB

OK...Fair enough.

INT. MANGY MOOSE. NIGHT.

Terry has sunk everything but the 8-ball. He leans over to sink it. It's a fairly easy shot. He lines it up carefully, and deliberately shoots it so the 8-Ball stops six inches from the corner.

TERRY

Ohhhh!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER -- Terry and Rudy sit side by side watching as the 2nd Pool Player passes back and forth between them and the camera, running the table. "Oohs" and "Alrights," from the watchers.

Sudden silence. Then the clack of the balls connecting. A great common GROAN goes up. RUDY looks up at Terry.

TERRY

It's all yours, baby.

Rudy looks at the TABLE: The 8-Ball, six inches off the corner. The Cue ball is a few inches away from it. A piece of cake, for an adult. Rudy looks deeply unconfident.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER -- Rudy is lining up the 8-Ball. Terry is right next to him.

TERRY

Just make sure to hit it really gentle.
But firm. And hit it a little low so you get some back spin. Don't even hit it.
Just kiss it.

A long moment.

RUDY

What do you mean, kiss it?

TERRY

I mean tap it. Firm but very, very softly. And don't shoot until you know it's going in. OK?

RUDY

OK.

Everyone is relatively quiet. Rudy takes a few practice strokes and then hits the Cue ball, straight, but too softly. It crawls toward the 8, and taps it toward the corner, slower and slower. The 8 gets to the edge, hangs there, and DROPS.

A GENERAL "HEYYYY!" GOES UP. Terry grabs Rudy. Rudy smiles, ecstatic.

TERRY

That was great!

AT THE BAR -- Darryl the SHERIFF, in his civvies, drinking a pint of beer, notices Rudy and Terry.

AT THE POOL TABLE -- Terry picks Rudy up and turns him upside down. Rudy laughs.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The house is dark. Terry and Rudy are walking from the car to the house.

RUDY

We creamed those guys! We creamed them!

TERRY (Stopping suddenly)

Shh...! Don't move.

They listen. A CAR is COMING.

TERRY

It's them!

They break for the door, Terry fumbling for his key. He gets the door open.

TERRY

Go! Go! Go!

He and Rudy run inside the house. The lights go on. BOB'S CAR pulls into the DRIVEWAY.

INT. THE HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR. SIMULTANEOUS.

Rudy runs up the stairs.

TERRY

Wait a minute, gimme your jacket!

Rudy tries to take his jacket off fast but gets his arm caught in the sleeve. He tries to shake it off.

TERRY

What are you doing?

RUDY

I can't get my sleeve out...!

They HEAR Bob's CAR DOORS SLAM. Terry makes a comic panicked face, and leaps up the stairs two at a time.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE -- Sammy waves to Bob. Bob waves back as he drives off. Sammy goes to the front door, opens it:

Terry and Rudy are in a giggly tangled panicked heap at the top of the stairs, shaking Rudy's arm & sleeve frantically trying to get the jacket off. They freeze.

SAMMY

What is going on in here?

TERRY

Um -- We were just out doing some star-gazing, and, uh, Rudy lost track of the time, which I totally warned him about.
(To Rudy) You are a bad kid.

INT. BATHROOM. LATER.

Rudy is brushing his teeth. Terry pokes his head in.

TERRY (In a low voice)

Hey: I think it's OK. Just don't tell her where we went, 'cause she'll be really mad at me. OK?

RUDY

I won't.

TERRY (Suddenly dark)

Hey -- I'm not kidding, Rudy.

RUDY

I won't!

Terry gives him a "You better not" look, then leaves.
Rudy continues brushing his teeth.

INT. RUDY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy is tucking Rudy in, stroking his hair.

SAMMY

Did you know my Mommy used to take me
and Uncle Terry out at night to look at
the constellations?

RUDY

Yeah.

SAMMY

Did you see that one, what's the one --
It looks like a big "W?" Cassiopeia?

RUDY

Yeah.

INT. HALL. NIGHT.

Sammy comes out of Rudy's room, smiling. It's dark. She
sees a LIGHT on under TERRY'S DOOR. She walks toward it
and steps into the TRENCH, falling down violently.

SAMMY

Ow! Shit!

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Terry is putting a butterfly band-aid on Sammy's wound.
It's a nasty, bloody gash, just shy of needing stitches.

SAMMY (To TERRY)

I've got a great idea. Why don't you let
me call the plumber?

TERRY (Annoyed)

Do whatever you want.

SAMMY

Oh, does that make you mad?

TERRY

No...

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

SOFT RAIN patters on the ROOF as Sammy LIMPS back and forth across the room changing into her nightgown.

EXT. TERRY'S WINDOW. NIGHT.

Terry is smoking pot with his head and shoulders stuck outside the window. RAIN FALLS on his HEAD.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BANK. MORNING.

Early morning. The RAIN is still falling. Only a few cars are in the employee parking lot yet.

INT. BANK -- BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

The RAIN runs down Brian's office window. BRIAN, in a wet raincoat, turns on his light.

A MOMENT LATER -- Brian turns on his PC. The SCREEN lights up. The COLORS are a garish bright GREEN and ORANGE.

CUT TO:

LATER -- SAMMY and BRIAN are both on their feet. The door is closed.

SAMMY

Brian -- Get off my ass!

BRIAN

Excuse me?

SAMMY

I didn't change the colors on your stupid computer screen.

BRIAN

Well, that's all you gotta say!

SAMMY (On "that's")
 There is nothing wrong with
 the work I do here. I have
 been doing just fine, the
 whole time before you came
 here -- And if you think
 that riding people in this
 in this petty, ridiculous
 way is the way to improve
 service in this bank or
 anywhere else I think
 you're out of your mind!

BRIAN
 I didn't say there
 was.

Could I please --

Could I please --

(Pause)

BRIAN
 May I respond?

SAMMY
 No, that's really all I have to --

BRIAN
 May I respond? (Beat) First of all,
 I don't appreciate being spoken to with
 that kind of language. That's not the
 way I talk to you, and I'd appreciate it
 if you wouldn't talk that way to me --

SAMMY
 Well --

BRIAN
 Second of all, if you say you didn't
 change the colors on my computer screen,
 then of course I accept your answer. But
 you and I are gonna have to find a way
 to work together --

SAMMY
 Brian --

BRIAN
 But that's not gonna happen
 with the attitude, it's not
 gonna happen with the late-
 ness, it's not gonna happen
 by fighting me every step
 of the way -- OK, well not
 you, you're not late, but
 too much of that stuff
 goes on around here --

SAMMY
 I am not late and
 I do not have an
 attitude --

Well then don't
 tell me I'm late
 if I'm not late!

BRIAN
I'd really like to finish!

OUTSIDE BRIAN'S OFFICE -- The whole staff is listening to the muffled raised VOICES from inside the office. MABEL especially is listening guiltily.

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY.

The rain falls on Main Street.

EXT. ORRIN'S BACK YARD. DAY.

The rain comes down hard on Orrin's construction project. Tarps cover everything. No work today.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- LUNCH PLACE. DAY.

The rain comes down on the SHERIFF, looking through the restaurant WINDOW at SAMMY, eating lunch alone at the counter. He goes inside, shakes the rain off himself and goes over to her. They start talking. We HEAR:

SAMMY
They were where?

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM. DAY.

The RAIN on the roof makes a sleepy pleasant country sound. TERRY is lying on the sofa, smoking a joint, watching TV, in a funk. O.C. we LOUD BANGING ON THE PIPES.

LATER -- A YOUNG PLUMBER, about Terry's age, THUMPING DOWN THE STAIRS and into the LIVING ROOM, carrying his tool box. Terry looks up at him.

PLUMBER
OK, you're all set.

Terry glares at him. The plumber turns and goes out.

EXT. BUS STOP. DAY.

RUDY is WAITING in a doorway out of the rain for Terry. He is wet and cold. The RAIN pours down.

INT. BANK. DAY.

Brian is showing his wife NANCY the bank. He is very solicitous of her, nervously introducing her to the employees who are responding not very warmly. Nancy is not in a warm mood either; she's very testy with Brian.

BRIAN
This is Chuck. Chuck, this is my wife,
Nancy.

CHUCK
Hello.

NANCY
Nice to meet you.

BRIAN
This is Mabel...

MABEL
Hi.

NANCY
Nice to meet you.

SAMMY at her desk, watches Brian and Nancy make their progress through the bank. Nobody is being very friendly and Brian suddenly seems awkward and vulnerable. Brian and Nancy reach Sammy's desk.

BRIAN
This is Sammy, our Lending Officer.
Sammy, this is my wife. Nancy.

SAMMY (Friendly).
Hi. It's nice to meet you.

NANCY
Brian -- I gotta sit down.

BRIAN
Sure -- Let's go in my office.

He glances nervously at Sammy as he leads Nancy away from her desk and toward his office. He murmurs something to Nancy who responds in a low but very testy voice:

NANCY
I'm fine...!

She roughly pulls her arm away from his. Sammy watches them go into his office.

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY.

Rudy trudges resolutely through the rain toward the center of town. He is completely drenched.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE -- SIMULTANEOUS.

Sammy knocks on Brian's open door.

Brian...?
SAMMY

Yeah.
BRIAN (Looking up)

Mom!
RUDY (O.S.)

Sammy sees to her left, down the hallway --

Rudy!
SAMMY

Rudy is at the end of the hall, drenched and shivering, but cheerful.

INT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT. DAY.

Rudy is in the car, somewhat dried off, waiting. Sammy and Terry stand in the employee entrance doorway.

SAMMY
Look, I'm glad you guys are getting along so well -- like, you have no idea -- but if I can't rely on you to remember to get him once a day...

TERRY
You can!

SAMMY
-- And what are you doing taking him to play pool, in the middle of the night, and then telling him to lie to me about it?

(Pause)

TERRY
I don't know.

INT/EXT. SAMMY'S CAR/CAROL'S DRIVEWAY.

Terry and Rudy pull up in front of the driveway. Terry is in a silent rage. The rain has let up.

TERRY
Get out of the car.

RUDY
What are we doing?

TERRY

You're going to Carol's house and I'm going home.

RUDY

Why can't I come with you?

TERRY

Because if you're such a baby you gotta tell your Mommy about us playin' pool when I totally asked you not to, and I gotta listen to her shit all day, then you're goin' to the babysitter's so you can stay at the baby house.

RUDY

But I didn't tell her!

TERRY

You know what? Don't even fuckin' talk to me.

RUDY

I didn't!

TERRY

Just get out of the car.

He leans over Rudy roughly and pushes open the door. Pause. Rudy gets out of the car and marches down the long driveway and bursts into tears as he walks. Behind him, Terry drives off.

INT. BANK -- HALL -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

Sammy walks through the empty bank hall and into Brian's office. Brian is at his desk.

BRIAN

You're working late.

SAMMY

How did your wife like the bank?

BRIAN

Oh, fine. She wasn't feeling so great.

SAMMY

That's too bad.

BRIAN

No -- I don't mean -- She's not ill.
She's just...I don't know...

SAMMY

Pregnant?

BRIAN

That's it. She's pregnant.

SAMMY

Well, it can make you kind of cranky.

BRIAN

Yeah...

(Pause)

BRIAN

Listen, I'm sorry we've
been stepping on each
other's toes -- I -- I'm
not actually that bad a
guy --

SAMMY

Yeah, I am too...

SAMMY

I know you're not, Brian, but you're
driving everybody crazy.

BRIAN

Well, I -- I'm just trying to do my best
here -- And I'm gettin' it from all sides.

SAMMY

I know you are...

BRIAN

Anyway...We'll work it out...

SAMMY

Well...I could use a beer.

BRIAN

I could use a tranquilizer.

INT. PUB. NIGHT.

Brian and Sammy sit at a table in the corner of the dimly lit pub. It's a quiet cozy place with various locals drinking beers and eating hamburgers and chicken dinners.

SAMMY

Well, last I heard, Rudy's Dad was living over in Auburn. But that was last year.

BRIAN

Must be so tough raising a kid on your own...Although I'm beginning to get the idea my wife wouldn't mind a crack at it.

SAMMY

Oh...It's just the hormones.

BRIAN

Well, no, it isn't. But never mind.

The waitress brings them two boilermakers.

SAMMY & BRIAN

Thanks.

She leaves. Sammy and Brian pick up their shots.

BRIAN

Well, here's to improved employee-management relations.

SAMMY

Amen.

They click shot glasses and drink.

SAMMY

Well...You can't judge all of Scotsville by the people in that bank, believe me.

BRIAN

Well -- Let's -- Let's not talk about the bank.

SAMMY

OK.

BRIAN

Let's just forget about the bank for tonight.

SAMMY

Good idea.

They sip their drinks, smiling. Sammy looks at him appraisingly.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR/WOODED ROAD. NIGHT.

Sammy and Brian are making out heavily in the front seat of his car. This goes on for a while, getting heavier and heavier.

BRIAN

Sammy?

SAMMY

Yeah?

BRIAN

I want you to tell me who changed the colors on my computer screen.

SAMMY

I'll never tell.

They start kissing again in the cramped space. Brian bangs his head. They both laugh.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAR -- CONTINUOUS.

We pull back and away from the car. The sodden trees spout faucets of water down on the car; we still HEAR THEM laughing.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The kitchen is dark. Sammy comes in, her hair a little wet, and turns on the light. She goes to the telephone. There's a NOTE in Terry's handwriting: "BOB CALLED."

TERRY (O.C.)

Where were you?

Sammy jumps, startled. Terry is in the kitchen doorway.

SAMMY

Nowhere. I had dinner with my boss.

TERRY

Kind of a late dinner, ain't it?

SAMMY
Yeah. How was Rudy?

TERRY
Fine.

SAMMY
Did the plumber come?

TERRY
Yes, the fucking plumber came.

SAMMY
Terry - Give me a break!!!

TERRY
What's the matter with you?

SAMMY
Nothing. I'm just tired.

TERRY
You want some pot?

SAMMY
No I don't. Why, you got some?

EXT. PORCH. NIGHT.

Sammy and Terry stand side by side on the porch, passing a joint back and forth. It's stopped raining but the trees and roof are still dripping. The crickets are chirping loudly.

SAMMY
So...Bob asked me to marry him.

TERRY
Wow. (Pause) Are you going to?

SAMMY
I don't know. If he'd've asked me this time last year I would have probably said yes. But the minute he said it, I don't know, I felt like somebody was trying to strangle me.

TERRY
Well...Bad sign.

SAMMY

I know. (Pause) Plus Terry... (Whispers)
I fucked my boss.

TERRY

What?

SAMMY

I know! And his wife is six months'
pregnant.

TERRY

Jesus Christ, Sammy.

SAMMY

I know, I know.

He passes her the joint. She declines. He puffs away. The water drips off the porch and the crickets chirp. She puts her head on his shoulder. He puts one arm around her and puffs away with the joint in his free hand.

SAMMY

Terry, I'm sorry I got so mad before.
I just don't want him, you know --
terrified of "telling," if there's --

TERRY

Uh, well, that's not really his problem,
Sammy.

Sammy straightens up.

SAMMY

Oh really? What's his problem?

TERRY

His problem is that he's like, totally
sheltered because you treat him like
he's three, instead of eight, so that's
how he behaves.

SAMMY

Oh yeah? And how do you think he should
behave?

TERRY

I think he shouldn't have to run and
tell his Mommy every time he does
something she might not like, for one
thing.

SAMMY

Uh huh. And what do you --

TERRY (On "what")

I mean I took him to play pool! It was a little clandestine thing we did for fun! It wasn't like a big secret, I mean who cares? I was actually trying to be nice to him. But he's so freaked out that he disobeyed your orders that he has to fuckin' squeal on me and I have to listen to your fuckin' shit all day when I didn't even fuckin' do anything!

SAMMY

First of all, he didn't tell me anything: Darryl did. OK? Second of all, I don't really give a shit if you took him to play pool: I was mad at you because you left him standing at the bus stop in the rain. But no, I don't want you telling him not to squeal, because I don't want him put in that position!

TERRY (Losing ground)

Well...that...is a perfect example of what I'm talking about.

SAMMY

You're an idiot.

They stand apart now. Silence.

TERRY

Darryl told you?

SAMMY

Yes!

They stand there. The rain gutters drip.

INT. BANK. MORNING.

Sammy, coat on, arrives at her desk and drops her purse down. There's a NOTE on her CHAIR.

"SAMMY -- PLEASE SEE ME."

INT. BANK - HALLWAY. A MOMENT LATER.

TRACKING SAMMY, coat off, carrying a stack of folders, as she walks from her desk, around the corner, down the hall, past a couple of employees and to BRIAN'S OPEN DOOR. She taps on it. Brian is at his desk.

SAMMY

Morning.

BRIAN

Yeah, good morning. Could you get the door?

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE -- Sammy shuts the door. MABEL and DORIS, standing near the door, look at each other: i.e., Sammy's in trouble again.

INSIDE THE OFFICE -- Sammy stands by the closed door. Brian comes out from around his desk.

SAMMY

Listen -- I just --

Brian kisses her. She drops her folders and they make out against the door.

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE -- The employees click away at their PCs. Mabel exchanges a quiet word with Chuck.

INSIDE THE OFFICE -- Brian has Sammy pressed against the wall with her skirt hiked up and is trying to get both of their underwear out of the way. It's not so easy in their office clothes. Sammy tears away.

SAMMY

Brian, that's enough.

BRIAN falls back, breathless.

BRIAN

OK. Sorry.

He lunges at her again. They kiss some more.

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE -- A MOMENT LATER. Sammy comes out of the office, more or less composed, carrying her folders. She heads down the hall past the other employees, including Mabel, surreptitiously readjusting her scrunched-up underwear.

INT. DAWSON'S. DAY.

Sammy and Bob sit at lunch. Their meal is over. Sammy is picking at her food.

BOB

You're awfully quiet.

SAMMY

I'm sorry.

BOB

Um...Have you thought at all about what I said?

SAMMY

Of course I've been thinking about it.

BOB

So...Any decisions? Or -- do you still want to think about it some more?

SAMMY

Well -- I mean -- I don't know, Bob. I mean, we haven't exactly been going steady the last few months, if you know what I mean --

BOB

Yeah, no, I know --

SAMMY

-- and then we see each other twice and you suddenly say you want to get married? I mean...

BOB

No, you're right, you're right --

SAMMY

What are you talking about?

(Pause)

BOB

I don't know...I...Maybe this is...Last year I sort of thought you were possibly interested in that...idea...but I was the one who, you know, wasn't "ready" at that point -- So that's why I thought things kind of slowed down with us...

SAMMY (Threatening)
Don't make me feel bad for you.

BOB (Bristling)
I don't want you to feel bad for me.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy, Terry and Rudy are all watching TV. Sammy and Rudy are in pajamas. Nobody's happy and nobody's talking.

The PHONE RINGS. Sammy goes to it and picks up, surprised because of the hour.

SAMMY (Into phone)
Hello?

BRIAN (On phone)
It's Brian.

Sammy turns away and lowers her voice so Terry and Rudy won't overhear her.

SAMMY
Brian. Where are you?

EXT. GAS STATION -- SIMULTANEOUS.

Brian is on the pay phone at a gas station.

BRIAN
I'm buying milk. I just thought I'd say hello.

WE CUT BETWEEN THEM. Sammy doesn't say anything.

BRIAN
Look, I know it's probably too late, but is there any way you can come out for a little while?

SAMMY
Brian, I think you're going crazy.

BRIAN
I know I am. Can you meet me?

SAMMY
Um, OK.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT.

SAMMY comes down the stairs, fully dressed, into the living room where Terry and Rudy are still watching TV.

SAMMY

Um -- I'm gonna go out for a minute.
Do you want anything?

TERRY

Like what?

SAMMY

I don't know.

RUDY

Where are you going?

TERRY

Yeah, where are you going?

SAMMY

I just have to go out for a little while.

RUDY

Where?

TERRY

Yeah, where?

SAMMY

I just have to go to Mabel's house.

RUDY

Why?

SAMMY

You know what, Rudy? It's personal. This is a personal matter that has to do with Mabel. I just have to go see her for a little while.

Terry gives Sammy a look like, "You've got to be kidding." Sammy tries to shush him with a conspiratorial look back.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Terry and Rudy sit in front of the TV, alone.

TERRY

Listen. Listen. I'm sorry I said you squealed on me. I was totally out of line, and I really owe you an apology. (Pause) Did you hear what I said?

RUDY (Staring at the TV)

I don't care.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR. (MOVING) NIGHT.

Sammy drives, listening to music. She shakes her head at herself.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT.

Sammy's car and Brian's car are parked side by side outside a roadside motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

In the motel room, Sammy and Brian, half-clothed, make love rather hurriedly on top of the unmade creaky bed.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT.

Outside the motel, Sammy and Brian get into their respective cars and start their motors.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR. (MOVING) NIGHT.

Sammy drives the other direction. She breaks into a smile, and then she laughs. Then she stops.

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy lies awake plagued by guilty feelings.

EXT. CHURCH -- RECTORY. DAY.

Sammy heads toward the little white church building.

INT. CHURCH -- RECTORY -- OFFICE. DAY.

RON the MINISTER and Sammy drink coffee in silence.

RON (Gently)

What's on your mind, Sammy?

SAMMY

Well, a lot. But principally...I was just wondering if you had an opinion. If you know someone, in your family, or just someone you really care about, and they just can't seem to get ahold of themselves...

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY.

The SUN SHINES on Main street.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE. DAY.

Rudy watches wide-eyed as Terry places on the sales counter two rods & reels, a bunch of lures, two fishing hats, a box of swivels, a knife and a fish scaler.

TERRY

You know who this is for?

RUDY

Me!

TERRY

That's right, my little friends. (To the saleslady) Hello. We're going fishing.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN. DAY.

Sammy, Terry and Rudy are all putting away the groceries. Everybody seems to be getting along.

RUDY

I got a new rod and reel, five lures, I got a hat, I got a knife and I got a fish scaler.

SAMMY

That's great, honey.

O.C., THE DOORBELL RINGS. Sammy starts to move toward the door, but Terry is closer.

TERRY

I'll get it.

Sammy watches him go.

EXT. FRONT YARD. DAY.

Rudy is playing basketball by himself.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

Terry, Sammy and RON sit in the living room. Sammy and Ron are drinking coffee. Through the window we see occasional glimpses of Rudy playing basketball in the back yard. There is a heavy silence in the room.

TERRY

Well...I'm not really sure why you're here, Ron. I mean, I realize I haven't exactly been a model citizen since I got here, but compared to how things have been goin' for me lately, I thought I was doing pretty well.

He turns to Sammy.

TERRY (Cont'd)

And I also find it kind of discouraging that you seem to think I need some kind of spiritual counseling or what have you, so much so that you're willing to disregard the fact that I don't believe in any of this stuff at all --

SAMMY

Well...I didn't mean to discourage you --

TERRY

I mean it's really kind of insulting.

RON

Can I say something here? (Pause) Sammy asked me to come and talk to you, because it's her opinion that you're not gonna find what you're looking for the way you're looking for it --

TERRY

How would she know?

RON

But I'm really not here to try to get you to do anything, or to believe anything. And I'll tell you the same thing I told her, which is that as far as I'm concerned the only way she can help you is by her example -- By trying to be a model for you, by the way she lives her life...

Terry smiles.

RON

And that doesn't mean she's supposed to be a saint, either, if that's what you're smiling about.

TERRY

I didn't realize I was smiling.

A moment.

RON

You know, a lot of people come to see me with all kinds of problems. Drugs, alcohol, marital problems, sexual problems, health problems --

TERRY

Great job you got.

RON

Well...I like it. Because even in this little town, I feel like what I do is very connected with the real center of people's lives. I'm not saying I'm always Mr Effective, but I don't feel like my life is off to the side of what's important. You know? I don't feel my happiness and comfort are based on closing my eyes to trouble within myself or trouble in other people. I don't feel like a negligible little scrap, floating around in some kind of empty void, with no sense of connectedness to anything around me except by virtue of whatever little philosophies I can scrape together on my own...

TERRY

Well --

RON

Well, can I ask you, Terry: Do you think your life is important?

TERRY

You mean -- Like, me personally, my individual life?

RON

Yeah.

TERRY

Well...I'm not sure -- What do you mean? It's important to me. I guess. And like, to my, you know, the people who care about me...

RON

But do you think it's important?

TERRY

I --

RON

Do you think it's important in the scheme of things. Not just because it's yours, or because you're somebody's brother...Because I don't really get the impression that you do.

TERRY

Well, I don't think...I don't particularly think anybody's life has any particular importance besides whatever -- you know -- whatever we arbitrarily give it. Which is fine. I mean we might as well ...I think I'm as important as anybody else... (Pause) I don't know: A lot of what you're saying has a real appeal to me, Ron. A lot of the stuff they told us when we were kids...But I don't want to believe something or not believe it because I might feel bad. I want to believe it because I think it's true or not...I'd like to think that my life is important...Or that it's connected to something important...

RON

Well, isn't there any way for you to believe that without calling it God, or religion, or whatever term it is you object to?

TERRY
Yes. I believe that.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT.

Sammy, Terry and Rudy are all eating dinner. Terry is drinking a beer. His mood is dark.

TERRY
So Sammy, what example will you be setting for us tonight?

Sammy doesn't answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Terry, Sammy and Rudy are watching TV. Terry has a beer.

RUDY
What time are we getting up to go fishing?

TERRY
We're not going fishing.

SAMMY
What do you mean?

RUDY
Why not?

TERRY
I think you should go fishing with Father Ron.

RUDY
I don't want to go fishing with Father Ron.

TERRY
Well, I'm not takin' you.

Sammy starts to say something to Terry, stops herself.

SAMMY
I'll take you, sweetie.

Rudy doesn't answer.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Sammy and Terry are in the hallway. Sammy holds a stack of folded sheets. Rudy is watching TV in the LIVING ROOM beyond.

SAMMY

I realize that you're mad at me --

TERRY (Deadpan)

I'm not mad at you...

SAMMY

-- but he didn't do anything to you.
And you cannot promise a little boy that
you're gonna --

TERRY (On "boy")

...I just, you know, after all that
religious conversation, I just realized
it's probably not so good for him to be
spending so much time with someone like
me who doesn't believe his life is
important in the scheme of things --

SAMMY

Would you please...

TERRY

I'm serious.

SAMMY (Practically choking)

Listen. (Pause) I am sure, if you put
your mind to it, you can think of some
other way of getting back at me besides
this. So would you please just give it
some thought, and take him fishing
tomorrow?

TERRY

I would, Sammy, I just don't think it'd
be good for him.

(Pause)

SAMMY

You suck.

She throws the sheets at him and storms away. Terry walks through the living room and OUT the front door, SLAMMING it behind him.

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy sits by the phone in her bathrobe. She picks it up and DIALS.

INTERCUT -- BRIAN'S LIVING ROOM. NANCY, watching TV on the sofa with Brian, picks up the RINGING PHONE.

NANCY (Into the phone)

Hello?

SAMMY HANGS UP. She gets up, walks around, sits down again. Picks up the phone and DIALS. It RINGS.

INTERCUT -- BOB'S KITCHENETTE -- Bob, making dinner for himself, picks up the phone.

BOB (Into the phone)

Hello?

SAMMY HANGS UP. Pause. She sweeps the TELEPHONE and ANSWERING MACHINE OFF the night stand. Pause. She calms down and puts them back. The ancient Answering Machine is CLICKING convulsively. She WHACKS IT and it stops.

EXT. CHURCH. DAY.

The congregation is coming out of the church and milling at the steps. SAMMY, with Rudy at her side, is saying goodbye to some neighbors. She watches pregnant NANCY and BRIAN go down the steps.

POV SAMMY -- Beyond Brian and Nancy, TERRY pulls up at the curb in her car. He reaches beside him and produces FISHING RODS which he waves, somewhat sheepishly.

REVERSE -- At top speed, Rudy runs away from Sammy and the church, toward Terry and the car. He and Sammy exchange a look from the distance.

EXT. RECTORY. DAY.

Services are over. Everyone has gone home.

INT. RON'S OFFICE. LATER.

Sammy sits with Ron.

SAMMY

Anyway...I don't know what the church's position is on adultery and fornication these days, but I felt really hypocritical not saying anything to you about it before, so...What is the official position on that stuff these days?

RON

Well...It's a sin.

SAMMY

Good: I think it should be.

RON

...But we don't tend to focus on that aspect of it, right off the bat --

SAMMY

Why not?

RON

Well --

SAMMY

I think you should.

RON

Well --

SAMMY

Maybe it was better when you came in and they screamed at you for having sex with your married boss, and were really mean to you, and told you it what a terrible thing it was. Maybe it'd be better if you told me how I'm endangering my immortal soul, and if I don't quit I'm going to burn in hell. Don't you ever think that?

RON

Um...No.

SAMMY

Well, it's a lot better than all this, "Why do you think you're in this situation," psychological bullshit you hear all the time.

RON

Well...Why do you think you're in this situation?

SAMMY

With which one?

RON

All of them.

Sammy gropes around for an answer and surprises herself by coming up with:

SAMMY

I feel sorry for them. (Pause) Isn't that ridiculous?

Ron shrugs: I.e., "not necessarily."

EXT. RIVER -- BRIDGE. DAY.

Terry and Rudy are side by side on a small footbridge over a wide running river, fishing. The sunlight slants through the canopy of trees; the birds are chattering; it's gorgeous and peaceful.

RUDY

I've never been so bored in my life.

TERRY

Yeah...We really shoulda been out here around seven or eight AM.

RUDY

What time is it now?

TERRY

Two-thirty.

Silence. The birds sing.

RUDY

Was my father was a good fisherman?

TERRY

Yeah, your father was good at all that stuff. He knew everything about the woods, everything about fishing, everything about hunting, and everything about cars. If he wasn't such a pain in the ass he would've been a lot of fun to be around.

RUDY
Maybe he's nicer now.

TERRY
I doubt it.

RUDY
Well, I think he is.

TERRY
How would you know? Did you ever meet him?

RUDY
No.

TERRY
Were you ever curious to meet him?

RUDY
I guess so.

TERRY
Well, he doesn't live very far from here.

RUDY
I thought he lived in Alaska.

TERRY
No -- I lived in Alaska. Your Dad lives in Auburn. Far as I know. (Pause) We could look him up in the phone book. Wanna try?

RUDY
All right.

TERRY
OK -- But -- I'm sure I don't have to say this, but no kidding: Don't -- tell -- your -- mother.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT. DAY.

BOB is standing by his kitchenette, extremely nervous. Sammy sits on his sofa.

BOB
Do you want to go for a walk, or a drive? It's really nice out.

SAMMY

No. I'm not gonna stay long. Bob, I don't want to get married.

(Pause)

BOB

OK.

SAMMY

I've really thought about it a lot, and if you had asked me last year I'm sure I would have said yes.

BOB

Oh. Thank you.

SAMMY

But I'm not sure it would have been a good idea then either. I'm going through a really hard time right now and I just think that getting engaged to you or anyone would be just about the stupidest most self-destructive thing I could possibly do.

BOB

OK.

SAMMY

And I really think you have to grow up.

BOB

Well, how about we fix up my personality some other time?

SAMMY

OK. (Pause) I really hope we can still be friends.

BOB (Quietly sarcastic:)

Oh, yes, me too.

She looks at him miserably.

SAMMY

Bob...

She goes right over to him. He doesn't move.

BOB

What?

SAMMY

Well -- I don't know...

BOB

I don't know. Sammy, I love you. I just
-- I love you.

SAMMY

Well -- I mean -- I love you too --

He puts his arms around her and kisses her. She responds very warmly. Just as things are heating up she suddenly remembers something and jolts away.

SAMMY

Oh shit.

BOB

What's the matter?

SAMMY

I gotta go. I'm sorry --

BOB

Where do you have to go?

SAMMY (Off the top of her head)

I'm supposed to -- I gotta get Mabel
back her car.

BOB

Well...I don't understand. How are we
leaving things?

SAMMY

Oh God, I don't know. Call me later.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- LATER.

Brian and Sammy lie under the starchy sheets. Brian's eyes are shut. Sammy is very upset with herself.

SAMMY

Don't you have to get home?

BRIAN (Drowsily)

No...Nancy's at her Mom's this week...
Do you have to be anywhere?

SAMMY

Home, eventually. (Pause. Appalled:)
This is incredible.

BRIAN

Mmmm.

SAMMY

That is not what I mean.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING): DAY.

Terry and Rudy drive along. Terry looks down at him and smiles. Rudy is tense and won't look at him.

OVER TERRY & RUDY's shoulders as Terry drives slowly past ordinary little houses in a very depressed residential area. Terry is scanning the street numbers.

RUDY

Maybe we should call first.

TERRY

Well -- We're right here.

He pulls up outside a small, plain, ranch-style house and gets out of the car. Rudy stays in.

TERRY

Come on.

Rudy gets out of the car and comes around. Terry waits for him and then they walk up to the front door. There are TWO BUZZERS. The LOWER ONE says "KOLINSKI."

TERRY

There he is.

RUDY

His last name is Kolinski?

TERRY

Yeah. Ring the bell.

Rudy pushes the doorbell. They wait. There's some noise inside and some voices. The sound of WALKING.

THE DOOR OPENS. JANIE, a tired-looking young woman, around Terry's age, opens the door.

JANIE

Yes?

TERRY

Hi. We're looking for Rudy?

JANIE
Who should I say is calling?

TERRY
An old friend.

RUDY SR. (O.C.)
Who is it?

JANIE
He says an old friend!

RUDY SR. (O.C.)
How old is he?

RUDY SR. appears behind Janie. He's around 30, wiry, dressed in jeans and an old shirt. He recognizes Terry.

RUDY SR.
Hey!

TERRY
Hey, Rudy.

Rudy Sr. sees Rudy, who is looking at him. His face falls.

RUDY SR.
Hey.

Rudy doesn't answer.

TERRY (To JANIE)
Hi, I'm Terry.

JANIE
Hello.

TERRY
And this is Rudy.

JANIE
You don't say.

TERRY
Rudy, meet Rudy.

Rudy Sr. looks away, shaking his head. JANIE moves away from the door.

JANIE
I'll just be in the kitchen.

TERRY

Nice to meet you.

Janie goes into the kitchen. Rudy Sr. watches her go.

TERRY

OK if we come in for a minute?

RUDY SR.

What the hell are you doin'?

TERRY

What do you mean what am I doin' --

Rudy Sr. starts walking toward Terry to make him go back out the door.

RUDY SR.

Could you step away from the door please?

TERRY

Well we just wanna --

RUDY SR.

Could you step away from the door please?

TERRY

All right, all right.

They all go outside. Rudy Sr. pulls the door mostly closed behind him.

RUDY SR.

What are you doin' here?

TERRY

I just wanted the kid to see you --

RUDY SR.

Well, now he saw me. (He looks at Rudy)
Now you saw me. OK? (To Terry) Now would you mind?

TERRY

Man, you are really --

RUDY SR.

Look: I'm tryin' to be polite. So would you just take off? It's OK: Just take off.

TERRY

I just wanna --

RUDY SR.

Do you know what you're doin'? Just get outta here!

TERRY

You know what, man? You're still a fuckin' asshole.

RUDY SR.

I'm an asshole? Get outta here!

Rudy Sr. shoves Terry. Terry belts him and suddenly they are throwing wild punches at each other. Terry knocks Rudy Sr. down and starts pummeling him brutally. Janie comes out of the house and jumps on his back trying to pull him off.

JANIE

Get your fuckin' hands off him...!

Terry accidentally swings Rudy Sr. into Rudy and knocks him sprawling. Terry grabs Rudy Sr. again and resumes beating him up.

Two COP CARS PULL UP and COPS rush out toward the fighting men

CUT TO:

A FEW MOMENTS LATER -- The 1ST COP is talking to Rudy and Janie. The 2ND COP is talking to Terry. Rudy Sr.'s face looks puffy and beaten up. A 3RD COP stands apart with Rudy, who is watching the whole thing. WE CUT rapidly and jerkily through this section:

1ST COP

And you're not the boy's legal guardian?

RUDY SR.

I don't even know if that's my kid!

JANIE

They just showed up! We never seen them before

RUDY SR.

I used to know his sister --

TERRY

I just came down here to talk to the guy and all of a sudden he starts shovin' me!

2ND COP

Listen up. Listen up. You're gonna have to step back and just calm down --

TERRY (To RUDY SR.)
You're a lyin' fuckin' piece of shit.

2ND COP
You're gonna have to step back.

JANIE
We have a right to protect ourselves.

A MOMENT LATER -- The 2ND COP puts handcuffs on Terry.
Rudy watches.

2ND COP
Now give me your right hand...

TERRY
This is such bullshit.
He started the whole
thing and you're
arresting me?

2ND COP
Listen up. Now -- Listen
up! Stop talkin'. Terry,
stop talkin'.

CUT TO:

A MOMENT LATER -- As the 3RD COP walks Rudy to one cop
car, Rudy watches the 1ST COP guide the HANDCUFFED TERRY
into the other car.

Rudy gets in the back of the car with the 2nd cop and
looks out at RUDY SR. and JANIE talking to the 1ST COP.

POV RUDY: Rudy Sr. is looking at him over the 1st Cop's
shoulder.

2ND COP
-- idea where we might be able to
contact his mother?

RUDY SR.
No, because he's not my Goddamn kid.

The cop car doors slam first on Terry and then on Rudy.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

The room is dark. Sammy and Brian are asleep, half-under
the covers. SAMMY WAKES with a START.

SAMMY
What time is it?

BRIAN (Startled awake)
What's the matter?

Sammy looks at the clock-radio. 9:20.

SAMMY

Oh my gosh.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER -- Sammy and Brian are on opposite sides of the bed, getting dressed.

BRIAN

Hey, you know, Nancy's gonna be gone for the rest of the week...

SAMMY

You know...Brian...

BRIAN

Yeah?

SAMMY

Well, I don't want to...I mean, couldn't we just...I mean, could we give it a rest?

(Pause)

BRIAN

Um -- Yeah. Sure. If you want to.

SAMMY

I mean...I just think...I don't know: We had a great little fling. You know? Let's not push it. (Pause) I mean, is that OK? I just --

BRIAN

Yeah. Sure. OK. You're right.

(Pause)

SAMMY

So are we still friends?

BRIAN (Nods tersely)

Mm hm. Sure.

SAMMY

All right. Good...!

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The phone is ringing in the house.

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM -- SIMULTANEOUS.

The PHONE is ringing on the NIGHT STAND. The battered answering machine CLICKS convulsively but does not pick up. The PHONE RINGS, rings, then stops.

INT. SAMMY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Sammy is on the phone in her bathrobe.

SAMMY

Around two o'clock this afternoon ...
Yeah, a '93 Toyota Tercel. New York
plates V127AC...Please.

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

Sammy, dressed now, opens the door for BOB. She is very anxious.

SAMMY

Thanks for coming over. I just want to
have a car handy just in case.

BOB

No problem.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Sammy is on the phone. Bob sits at the table.

SAMMY (Into the phone)

Well -- what about other towns? ... Yes!
Yes! I called the highway patrol four
times ... Well what am I supposed to do
all night?

INT. SAMMY'S LIVING ROOM. LATER.

Sammy and Bob sit silently in the living room, waiting. She is smoking. The CLOCK READS 12:40. Sammy is going crazy with anxiety. O.C. the PHONE RINGS..

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. MORNING.

...The PHONE keeps ringing inside the house as the early morning sun slants through the trees around the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

The RINGING PHONE wakes BOB on the sofa in his clothes --

INT. SAMMY'S BEDROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

-- and Sammy, half asleep on top of her bed, also in her clothes. She GRABS the PHONE.

SAMMY (Into phone)

Hello?

INT. BOB'S CAR (MOVING). DAY.

Bob drives Sammy along the highway. She stares out the window. She turns and watches Bob drive for a long moment.

INT. BANK. DAY.

Brian walks through the early-morning bank activity and stops at Mabel's desk.

BRIAN

Anyone hear from Sammy this morning?

MABEL

I didn't.

BRIAN

Uh huh. Well, if anyone ever hears from her ever again, will you let me know?

MABEL

Yes.

EXT. AUBURN POLICE STATION. DAY.

On the steps of the police station, Sammy, Rudy and Bob wait by as SHERIFF DARRYL SHAKES HANDS with the AUBURN SHERIFF. The AUBURN SHERIFF goes inside. Darryl comes over to Sammy.

SHERIFF

It's gonna be all right...We got on the phone and talked to Rudy Sr. a little bit and he's calmed down, just wants to forget about the whole thing...

SAMMY

Darryl, I really appreciate this...

The Sheriff nods, but he's not thrilled to be here.

INT. SAMMY'S LIVING ROOM. DUSK.

The PHONE IS RINGING. Sammy comes in the front door, Terry and Rudy behind her. She snaps on the lights, hurries to the phone and picks up.

Behind her, Rudy goes upstairs and Terry plunks down on the sofa and turns on the TV.

SAMMY (Into phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH BRIAN, AT THE BANK.

BRIAN (Into phone)
Yeah, it's Brian.

SAMMY
Brian --

BRIAN
What the hell happened to you today,
lady?

IN THE LIVING ROOM -- SAMMY is about to answer but she just HANGS UP instead.

IN THE BANK -- BRIAN is stunned into sheer gaping fury. Feverishly he hangs up and dials again. It RINGS.

IN THE LIVING ROOM -- SAMMY PICKS UP.

SAMMY (Into phone)
Hello?

BRIAN (Into phone)
You're fired!

SAMMY (Screaming)
GOOD!

She HANGS UP AGAIN.

INT. RUDY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy is tucking Rudy into bed.

SAMMY
Rudy?

RUDY
Yeah?

SAMMY

Is there anything you want to ask me,
about your father?

RUDY

Oh, that wasn't my father.

SAMMY

What?

RUDY

That wasn't him. I heard him tell the
cops.

SAMMY

No -- Rudy -- That was him. But that was
him. I wish it wasn't, but it was.

RUDY (Very quiet)

No it wasn't.

SAMMY

Rudy. Yes it was. Your father's name is
Rudy Kolinski. He lives in Auburn...

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Sammy comes out of Rudy's room, shutting the door softly.
We HEAR the TV going downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Terry is watching TV on the sofa with his feet up on the
coffee table. Sammy comes down the stairs and goes into
the living room. He keeps watching TV. She doesn't sit.
She is trembling.

SAMMY

Could you turn that off for a minute
please?

TERRY

You don't have to say anything, Sammy.

SAMMY

I want you to leave.

Terry looks at her.

TERRY

What do you mean?

SAMMY

I mean I don't think you should live here anymore. I don't think you know how to behave around an eight year-old and I don't know how to make you stop, so I think you shouldn't live here. I don't know what else to say.

TERRY

I don't know how to behave around an eight year-old -- ?

SAMMY

That's right --

TERRY

I think you don't know how to behave around an eight year old.

SAMMY

Are you out of your MIND!?!?

Silence.

SAMMY

Now you just listen to me. I may not be the greatest mother in the world, but I'm doing the best I know how. And he doesn't need you to rub his face in shit because you think it's good for him. He's going to find out the world is a horrible place and that people suck soon enough, and without any help from you. Believe me!

Sammy tries to get ahold of herself. Her voice is shaking.

SAMMY

I think you should get your own place. I thought, if you want, you could -- I'll be glad to help you out financially --

TERRY

What do you mean, Get my own place?

SAMMY

I mean I --

TERRY

You mean in Scotsville?

SAMMY

Yes.

TERRY

Why would I do that? Why don't I just leave, period?

SAMMY (Quietly)

Well...If that's what you want to do, that's fine. But that's not what I'm saying. You are a very important person to Rudy, and you are the most important person to me. But I'm saying that I can't take anymore of this --

TERRY

Well --

SAMMY

-- I thought -- maybe you could sell your half of the house to me, and I could pay you whatever it is over a certain amount of time, and that way --

TERRY

No, you know what? I'll just go.

He turns the TV back on.

SAMMY (Very quietly)

Well -- that's not what I'm saying.

Terry shrugs and watches TV.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Terry is packing his bag. Rudy is watching.

RUDY

Where are you going?

TERRY

I don't know. I just want to get out of this town. And if you've got any sense when you get old enough you'll get out of here too. Your Mom's gonna live in this town for the rest of her life, and you know why? Because she thinks she has to. Don't ask me why, but that's the truth. She thinks there's all these things she has to do, but you want to know one thing about your Mom? She's bigger fuck-up than I ever was. I mean,

TERRY (Cont'd)

I know I messed up. You think I enjoy getting thrown in jail because I wanted you to face that prick your Dad like a little man and see what kind of a guy he is? I know I got a little carried away, and I lost my temper just a little bit -- which is not the end of the world either, by the way, just for future reference -- And now she's kickin' me out of my own house because -- you know, because I fucked up a little bit. Which I totally admit. I was like -- totally ready to admit that.

He is finished stuffing his clothes into his backpack. He sits down on the bed, breathing hard.

RUDY

I could go with you.

TERRY

Well, thanks, man. But I, uh, I can't really take care of you.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Sammy is flipping channels on the TV. The DOORBELL RINGS. She is surprised. She gets up. Terry comes thundering down the stairs, carrying his duffle bag.

SAMMY

Is that for you?

TERRY

Yeah, I'm just gonna stay at Ray's till I take off.

SAMMY

You don't have to do that.

TERRY

Yeah. Well, that's what I wanna do, so --

SAMMY

Well but -- Are you gonna come back to say goodbye?

TERRY

No -- I'm just gonna take off. I'll see you later.

SAMMY

Well --

Terry opens the door. RAY is there. Terry closes the door behind him. Sammy listens to the PICKUP TRUCK DRIVE OFF. The sound FADES.

INT. RAY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Terry is bunked down on Ray's horrible sofa. In the b.g., there is a light on in the bedroom. Terry fluffs his pillow and shuts his eyes.

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE. DAY.

Dressed for work and school, Sammy and Rudy walk to the car.

SAMMY

Look. I know you're upset about Uncle Terry leaving, and so am I. But he's just not in control of himself, and I don't want him hurting your feelings anymore -- or mine. And you may not like it, but that's how it's gotta be. OK?

RUDY

I don't care.

SAMMY

You don't care. I don't care either.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

Sammy sits in front of Brian's desk, winding up her explanation.

BRIAN

Well...I'm sorry you're havin' all this trouble...

SAMMY

Thank you.

BRIAN

But you made a pretty good speech to me yesterday about people sticking to their commitments...

SAMMY

Yeah...?

BRIAN

Well...you made commitment to this bank,
Sammy. To this job.

SAMMY

I know I d --

BRIAN

And to working things out with this
tough new son of a bitch boss of yours.
And whatever might have passed between
us after hours doesn't mean you just
walk away from that commitment -- yeah,
even when you have a legitimate family
emergency.

SAMMY

I'm really sorry I didn't --

BRIAN

Which is why I think in the calm cold
light of day, we should both think real
hard about whether or not you really
want to continue on here at Merchant's
National Trust.

SAMMY

You're not serious.

BRIAN

...you're not happy, I'm not happy, it's
not good for you and it's sure as heck
isn't good for the bank.

(Pause)

SAMMY

You know you're the worst manager we've
ever had?

BRIAN

Come on, Sammy...

SAMMY

By far the worst.

BRIAN

...I don't wanna trade insults with you.

SAMMY

Well, I don't want to be fired, Brian.
I've been working here for seven years.

BRIAN

Well --

SAMMY

And if I were you I'd be a little nervous about firing an employee I just had an affair with. OK?

BRIAN

That's -- Don't threaten me,
Sammy: I'm not threatening
you. I -- It's just an area
I think we should explore.

SAMMY

I'm not thr --

SAMMY

You explore it. I'm going back to work.

She heads for the door, stops.

SAMMY

Oh, and I have to pick up Rudy today because there's no one else to do it. But I'll find someone as soon as I have time.

BRIAN (Giving up)

Yeah. Fine. Why don't you just take over the whole bank?

Sammy hesitates in the doorway. This thought has never occurred to her before. She goes out.

INT. LUNCH PLACE. DAY.

THROUGH THE WINDOW we see Sammy and Bob having lunch. Sammy watches him eat, full of mixed feelings about him.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Sammy is at the stove, making pancakes. She puts a last pancake onto Rudy's plate and brings it to him.

SAMMY

Well, I called where Uncle Terry said he was gonna stay, and there was no answer, so I don't know if he's still in town or not.

Rudy doesn't answer.

SAMMY

Rudy? Are you not speaking to me?

Rudy doesn't answer.

SAMMY

Well, I'm sorry you're so mad at me, but I only did what I thought I had to do, and I hope you don't stay mad at me for the rest of your life.

He opens the maple syrup and pours it on the pancakes.

SAMMY

Rudy, that's too much.

He keeps pouring. She grabs the bottle from him and upsets some of the dishes on the table.

SAMMY

You gotta cut this out!

RUDY

What did I do?

SAMMY

You don't know what you're talking about! There was nothing else I could do! I can't explain it better than that, but you can't go on like this because you don't know anything about it and you don't know what you're doing!

RUDY (Frightened)

OK, I'm sorry!

SAMMY

I don't want you to be sorry, I just want you to STOP IT!

RUDY

I will! I will! I'm stopping, I'm sorry,

He comes around the table to her.

RUDY

See? I'm stopping! I'm not doing it.
See? I'm not.

He's very alarmed. Sammy looks at him for a long moment.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

Terry walks through the little cemetery gate and makes his way up the hill through the tombstones. He reaches his parents' graves. He looks at the tombstones for a moment. He puts his hand on top of one headstone, then the other.

He sits down and smokes. He looks up at the SKY. It's a beautiful deep-blue sky dotted with billowy white clouds.

He looks out over the stunning scenery. After a moment he shakes his head a few times. He doesn't even know he's doing it. He sits there.

INT. RAY'S HOUSE. DAY.

The PHONE IS RINGING as Terry walks into the house. He walks past it, to the fridge, gets a beer and opens it. It KEEPS RINGING. He picks it up.

TERRY (Into phone)

Ray's house.

INT. BANK -- SAMMY'S DESK. DAY.

Sammy is at her desk on the phone.

SAMMY (Into phone)

Hi.

WE CUT BETWEEN THEM. Terry doesn't say anything.

SAMMY

I didn't know if you left yet.

TERRY

No -- I'm leavin' tomorrow.

SAMMY

Well -- What time?

TERRY

There's a bus at nine.

SAMMY

Well -- Can I -- I'd like to see you before you go. I mean, can I give you a lift? Or do you want to have breakfast or anything? And I think Rudy would really like to say goodbye.

TERRY

Yeah -- I don't know -- I mean --

SAMMY

Terry, you can't just leave like that. I --

TERRY

All right, all right. I'll come by in the morning.

SAMMY

All right -- But just -- We have to be out of the house by 8:00, so --

TERRY

Yeah -- No -- I'll be there.

SAMMY

All right.

TERRY

All right.

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

Sammy is clearing the breakfast dishes. Rudy is finishing up his cereal. The clock reads: 7:50.

SAMMY

You should get your sneakers on.

EXT. HOUSE. A MOMENT LATER.

Sammy comes out and looks up and down the road.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

Rudy sits in the living room in his baseball jacket. His knapsack is on the floor beside him. He looks at the CLOCK: 8:06. Sammy comes into the living room and looks at him.

SAMMY

Sweetie, I'm sorry, we have to go.

RUDY

Why can't I miss school one day?

They HEAR the PICKUP PULL UP OUTSIDE, O.C. Rudy gets up immediately.

EXT. THE HOUSE -- A MOMENT LATER.

Terry jumps out of RAY'S PICKUP. Sammy opens the front door and Rudy runs out toward Terry.

RUDY

Hi!

TERRY

Hey, how's it goin', man?

Rudy stops short in front of Terry. Terry looks at Sammy, in the doorway.

TERRY

Sorry I'm late.

EXT/INT. CAR DAY.

The car stops across the street from the BUS. The LAST KIDS are getting in. SAMMY HONKS for the bus driver, and Sammy, Terry and Rudy all get out.

TERRY

So Rudy...If I write you a letter, will you write me back?

RUDY

Yeah.

TERRY

OK, well, that's gonna be pretty nice for you, because I write a pretty Goddamn interesting letter.

RUDY

Yeah, we'll see.

TERRY

All right. Well, say goodbye.

RUDY

Bye.

Rudy hugs Terry. Terry hugs him back. He is suddenly overcome a little bit and presses his lips to the top of Rudy's head.

Rudy walks to the BUS and gets on. The bus pulls away. Alone now, Sammy and Terry are not that comfortable. He moves to get back in the car, and she does the same.

EXT. BENCH. DAY.

Sammy and Terry sit on a bench near the bus stop. Terry's bag is by his side.

SAMMY

Do you need some cash for the bus?

TERRY

No, I got a few bucks...Aren't you gonna be late for work?

SAMMY

Oh -- Yeah. That's OK. (Pause) Terry, I don't even know where you're going.

TERRY

Oh, well, I didn't really have a concrete plan yet. I have to go back to Worcester and get my stuff...

SAMMY

Oh, are you gonna try to see that girl?

TERRY

Well...Yeah...You know...Thought maybe I'd try to show my face...Let her brother have a crack at me...

SAMMY

What?

TERRY

No...

SAMMY

...I don't want anyone to have a crack at you.

TERRY

I'm just kidding. I just thought...Just thought I'd check up on her...(Pause) Anyway, after that, I don't really know. I've been thinking about Alaska a lot. I still got some friends out there. I don't really know. Anyway, I'll write you.

SAMMY

You will?

TERRY

Sure, Sammy. Of course I will. You know that.

(Pause)

SAMMY

What is gonna happen to you?

TERRY

Nothing too bad...But I gotta tell you, I know things didn't work out too well this time...

SAMMY

Well, Terry --

TERRY

...but it's always really good to know that wherever I am, whatever stupid shit I'm doing, you're back at my home, rooting for me.

SAMMY

I do root for you.

She starts crying, and looks down.

TERRY

Come on, Sammy. Everything's gonna be all right...Comparatively...And I'll be back this way...

SAMMY

I feel like I'm never gonna see you again...!

TERRY

Of course you will, Sammy. You never have to worry about that.

SAMMY

Please don't go till you know where you're going. Please...!

TERRY

I do know where I'm going. I'm going to Worcester and I'm gonna try to see that girl. And then depending on what happens there, I thought I'd try to see if there's any work for me out West. And if there is, I'm gonna head out there for the summer and try to make some money. And if there isn't, I'll figure something else out. Maybe I'll stay around the East. I don't know...I really liked it in Alaska. It was really beautiful. You just -- It made me feel good. And before things got so messed up I was doin' pretty well out there. Seriously. But I couldn't stay here long, Sammy: I don't want to live here. But I'm gonna stay in touch. And I'll be back. 'Cause I want to see you and I want to see Rudy. I'll come home for Christmas. How about that? We'll have Christmas together. (Pause) Come on, Sammy. You can trust me...

Still looking down, Sammy shakes her head, tears leaking down her cheeks.

TERRY

Come on, Sammy...Look at me...Look at me...

She looks at him.

TERRY

Hey, Sammy...Remember when we were kids, remember what we always used to say to each other...? (Pause) Remember? When we were kids?

SAMMY

Of course I do...!

She throws her arms around his neck. He pats her gently.

INT./EXT. BUS. DAY.

The DOORS OPEN and Terry comes up the steps and into the bus. Outside, Sammy watches him pay the driver and move through the bus toward his seat. The BUS DOORS CLOSE.

OUTSIDE -- Sammy waves till the BUS DRIVES all the way down MAIN STREET, turns a corner and is gone. She turns and moves toward her car.

IN THE BUS -- Terry, in his seat, waves Sammy out of sight, then turns forward and watches the town pass by.

He turns forward, and thinking, he smiles.

INT. SAMMY'S CAR (MOVING). DAY.

The morning sunlight flickers through the windshield into the car as Sammy drives along toward work. She passes the TOWN HALL CLOCK and sees that it's 9:20.

She dries her damp cheek with a forearm, and rolls down her window to let the morning breeze blow through. Squaring her shoulders a little, she drives through town at a slow and easy pace.

THE END